the crew artlessly repeated to Sandry.

"We will work till the contract's

saved," he said; "in giving to you we

give to S'letz, who is your woman."

ened once, "learned how" and tended

hook. Collins took Hastings' place at

the roading donkey, selecting a slim,

brown boy as fireman, while the fore-

man proved his worth a dozen times

over, by being everywhere at once,

by filing things down to the most

rigid system, by planning, executing.

finishing, with the hand and mind of

It would have been contrary to hu-

man nature if Sandry had not felt a

thrill of triumph when he next ran

The Yellow Pines owner grinned.

washes-but I have five million feet

of logs at the mouth of my slough!

I'll float my contract on time, Mr.

Hampden-and then I'll look into the

That day he got his first letter from

Poppy Ordway. It was heavy and

satiny and it breathed an insidious

Also it was brilliant with excitement

"I'm certain Hampden's crooked,"

she wrote; "I've found a man who

knows him-and he's in the commis-

sioner's office. He's young and he's

susceptible and he thinks I'm one of

the 'ring!' Oh, but it's exciting. I

passed him a tip'-isn't that the way

you men would say it?-that I had a

snap' in view, but that I already had

Mystery and Loneliness Pressed Upon

the Wilderness.

a homestead in Arizona-and the

thing progresses. The mention of

Hampden and 'snap' did for him-and

I'm all but over the brink of a fraudu-

lent entry even now! He's offered-

dred dollars-of course clandestinely;

with business. Silent, bent on the

The slough was bank-full and its

surface was covered from dawn to

dark with a floor of logs slowly drift-

ing on every tide downward to the

At the slough's mouth a huge cradle

was slowly forming in its braces.

Here the little loading donkey puffed

and tooted, grappling many-ton tim-

bers with its two drag-hooks, placing

them here and there. The mass of

chains covered the bottom of the

Twelve men worked continually at

the great marine monster, packing the

logs inside the cradle, carrying the

giant chains up and over as the snug

floor reached the top, lacing the whole

together and at last lifting the center

gently, thus giving to the thing its

A timber-scaler, sent down by the

A shack had been thrown up at the

head of the raft and a watch was kept

"We can't trust Hampden a minute,

John," said Sandry; "I'm learning sus-

picion." Indeed he was learning many

things. Only John Daily in the sanity

of his just nature watched this Johnny

Eastern take his rough knocks and

These two were growing together in

come up with his teeth set.

Portland firm, was constantly in at

cradic a few feet apart.

likeness to a vast cigar.

tendance.

by day and night.

without need of encouragement.

luck. More later."

backwater.

little matter of my East Belt."

and hinted at great things.

'Siwashes?" he said insoleptly. "Si-

Yes," flamed the younger man, "Si-

across Hampden at Toledo.

without speech.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Call of the Wind.

The night lay thick over the Siletz country. High above, the pine tops sang with a roar, soft-voiced but farreaching as thunder. Mystery and loneliness pressed upon the wilderness like a finger. It quivered the sharp ears of Black Bolt pricked forward, listening, it padded the feet of Coosnah running ahead in the trail, but upon Siletz its touch was lost. She, too, was of the forest on a night like this; she, too, was free of its hidden paths. Hour after hour they threaded the familiar way, and presently the forest lightened, fell away, left them at the steep shore of the Siletz river, gurgling along in the darkness, swift and shallow.

Fields and pastures lay here upon right and left and cabins stood squat in the shadows. This was the headquarters of the reservation. Through the small settlement, up a lane and across a woods-lot went the trio, and presently Siletz drew rein where a sorry shack crouched forlornly beneath a mammoth fir. The sound brought to its door a bent figure that came and stood at Black Bolt's head like a

Siletz spoke in jargon, slid down, trailed the reins on the earth and entered the little house.

An hour later she stood against its closed door, facing a dusky circle of squatting figures, her trim form straight in the lamplight, her shirt open a bit at the throat, her slim hands eloquent in quiet gestures.

Near the pine table that held the fitful light stood old Kolawmie, a splendid illustration of the white man's ways.

He might have been fifty years of age, he might have been a hundred. Pure blood of chiefs ran in his veins, and he had memories of the time when the Oregon country reached from the northern sound to the valley of the Sacramento, but the burden of progress hung heavy on his shoulders, his fingers trembled from much devotion to the Spirit of the Burning Water.

Broken in heart and soul and tribe, he dreamed out the long last days in the monotony of the reservation, sending his sons to the red-roofed school on the hill, turning them aimlessly loose upon their lands when they were through-but still throughout the country where the sign of the Siletz was seen, there were known his wise precepts, there would his call bring followers. About him gathered now a silent circle, young men who could speak good English and write essays on the evolution of man, older ones who accepted the modern modes with reservations, and a few like himself of the ancient time

To them Siletz was speaking. "Trouble has fallen upon the Night Wind," she said sweetly, "and she comes to her friends for help. Sandry at the camp is deserted by his men. The camp fails, the work is stopped, the engines are silent at their posts, and a big contract that means much is ready to be lost-and Hampden of the Vellow Pines laughs in glee, for he has done this thing. Men there are not in the country-and to go to Port-

his head in his hands thus-With swift art she bent her dark head forward upon her palms, drooped her slim shoulders, and instantly Despair loomed before the dusky circle. "For which the heart of S'letz sick-

land means loss of time on the great

contract. Therefore Sandry sits with

ens, for she is Sandry's woman. There was silence for a space The girl was an artist.

"She would help him. Therefore she comes to her friends, whose hearts are large with friendship, though their hands are soft with leisure. The Siletz need not work. Will they give the free gift of labor for the Night

Wind's man?" It was a heart-speech, it was in jargon and it was successful, for with the early dawn, blue-gray with mist and sun-shot with crimson, Sandry, who had not slept, standing with furrowed brows on the office step, heard sounds of hoofs at the valley's head. He looked and beheld a cavalcade of horsemen, riding with ease on their ragged pontes, and led by Siletz upon Black Bolt, who still stepped proudly after his day-and-night's journey. while Coosnah rolled with swinging

ears at his side. "Here," said the girl as she rode up. "they will work for the big contract." And she slid down with a little sigh of weariness before Sandry could of-

fer his arms. "Gosh!" said Daily to himself in the shadow of the office, "the Siwashes!" "Mr. Sandry," he said to the owner when the long tables were filled in every place with the best of the vanishing tribe that Siletz could pick, "I'm kickin' myself that I didn't think of the Indians myself, though Lord knows if we can whip 'em in line, for it would take the devil himself to

a slow affection. The big room had, But it did not take his majesty. It took only the word of Kolawmie, who in a sense, become home to Sandry. had given a command which a quiet and the evenings when Ma sat in her half-breed who seemed the leader of little rocker and Silets braided her took."

make a Siwash work."

mats with Coosnah beside her filled his toil-worn soul with peace.

The Preacher had slipped away as silently and mysteriously as he had come, with a blessing upon all and a promise to return-"when you shall need me, my children."

CHAPTER XV.

"There is No Law for a Genius." March came in like a lamb with delicate weather, crystal clear and opal bright, and with it came Miss Ordway. Sandry was glad to see her, but the critical point was at hand and he scarce took time to eat or sleep from the great work of the contract. The mammoth raft was ready, the

largest, according to Daily, that the camp had ever sent out in all its life, and a special boat from the Portland Mills company would lay off Yaquina to receive it on the sixteenth.

And Sandry, astounded beyond meas-On the night of the second, Daily ure, opened his mouth and closed it caught a glimmer of white on the lintel. It was a paper, stuck in with a And it was work indeed for all. Sandry himself, as he had grimly threat-

"Watch your raft," it said, "for pow

That was all, and it was unsigned, Daily told Sandry of the incident and showed the warning.

So for the remaining nights the great raft was lighted from end to end and four of the Indians patrolled it in shifts, armed with rifles and under orders to shoot at the first sign of trouble

The work went forward rapidly. The Siwashes, born and raised in the timber coun'ry, knew all the work of the camp and they needed no driving. They were a godsend to Sandry in the pressing days and he came to look upon them with a wide tolerance.

'In serving you we serve S'letz,' he quoted to himself, "'for she's your woman."" And an odd sensation prickled his skin, tingled at the roots of his hair. Some way, somehow, these were Siletz' people-these silent, shiftless, well-taught creatures, who made no use of their talents, yet who did hard, unnecessary labor at the call of the blood.

That night, with the raft and even the two engines under guard and all the length of track patrolled, he came in tired, worn to a thin edge with sleeplessness, tense and taut as a sing-

ing wire, to meet Miss Ordway. She slipped her hand into his arm with a little, familiar gesture and turned him about.

"Come along and relax," she said. you're almost hysterical."

"I believe I am," said Sandry wearily, though as he stepped out into the night, soft already with the breath of spring as is the way with the coast country, where the seasons shoulder each other suddenly for place, he looked uneasily for Siletz.

"Let's go up to the old rollway, It's deserted and I have things to tell you-oh, many things!"

laugh that was so soft and rich and it soothed the man's strained nerves like

climbed up, on a log that lay beside the rollway and drew her gray broad-

and took off his hat. The soft, changed breath of the night air was grateful "Whe-ew! I'll be thankful when this

strain is over, that raft headed out to sea and my contract fulfilled! I never knew business was so strenuous." Miss Ordway looked at him through

the dusk with admiring eyes.

"But look how you're succeeding! Why, it's great!"

"Yes-but for how much of it can I thank myself? Hampden has me in have been a matter of ignorance. a bad hole about my great East Beltthe best timber in the region and the base, practically, of the Dillingworth's rectified the language of the school future-and but for these Indians I fund appropriation. It was not conwould be now-well, I hate to think fixed to "ordinary revenue." The where I'd have been."

in my case, specially-to come down on the price of my 'patent' two hunfast about that bad hole. Instead, Mr. punic school fund at not less than Walter Sandry, we've got your friend I'm to say nothing about it to the Hampden in the deepest hole he was 'ring!' Ye gods! I'm wild with the ever in in all his life. In fact, when we say the word, he'll turn over the lond." The forty-eighth General February was passing. The days of East Belt with both hands."

fitful sunlight were becoming more Sandry held out a hand and Miss Ordway took it, not after her usual the opinion from the office of the atfrequent. The camp was humming manner of hail-fellow, but with a torney general. Why was its attention thing in hand, the Indians worked gentle, proprietary motion. She tapped the breast of her princess gown.

"I have right here copies of filings on sixteen claims, all duly put through be made in clear language? by 'cash entry' by as many different men-and I know that Hampden owns all these numbers, that he furnished the money for building the cabins, for quinter decided on the bold stroke to filing fees, for advertising, for final replenish the general revenue fund at proofs at the land office and for the government price of the land. In return for all this these bogus entry. It was still in August that the Globemen-your drifting gentry of the Democrat discovered the auditor's new spiked boots and the 'turkey' in mos cases-received four hundred dollars each for the breaking of their faith with the government. No wonder and of the month that the fact of the Hampden is rich!"

For a long moment Sandry sat in a silence so deep that he ceased to Meanwhile there had been much dodgbreathe. He was grasping the magni- ing and squirming and quibbling. tude of the man's daring-the gigantic There were flops and promises and risk he ran with his safety in the uncertain hands of sixteen men.

prehend, wonderingly, the daring of this woman, her finesse, her cleverness and her success.

"Wonderful!" he said at last; "It is past belief! And how, for the love of the state officials. But for the storm heaven, did you ever wind up that protest, they would have lost \$514, commissioner to put his own head in the noose by giving you those proofs?"

Miss Ordway looked away down the fast darkening slough, and there was that in her narrowed, smiling eyes which, had Sandry seen, would have shocked him from her.

"He didn't give," she said oddly; "I

And something in the speech si-

lenced the man. "Sometimes," went on this clever woman, "one will take-providing there is a great enough incentive. I had a great incentive."

She ceased, waiting, and against his will Sandry supplied the question. "What?" "You," said Miss Ordway in a whis-

With her pretty, inimitable gesture of daring she put up a hand, laid it against his cheek and drew his face

toward her. "Boy," she said in a curiously choked tone, as if emotion dominated her, "oh, boy! With your youth and



Under Orders to Shoot at the First Sign of Trouble.

your eagerness, your inherent strength and your losing battle! Did you not know that you were as fire to me?" She slipped off the log and stood before him, her hands clasped across her

breast and all her magnificent beauty a lure in the spring dusk. "Ah!" she laughed recklessly, "you have set me flaming, like a line of fire at night! And I care nothing that I tell you-there is no law for a gen-

(To be continued.)

The School Fund Case

By its definition of "ordinary revenue", a term used by succesive general assemblies, the Supreme Court has decided that the common schools of Missouri will receive \$180,313.91 less this year than they would have received She laughed, her little rippling under the ordinary interpretation of the language of the school fund appropriation. Regrettable as this is, there Miss Ordway sat down, or rather is gratification in the fact that the decision saved for the schools the addition. al \$334,189 13 which the state officials Sandry settled himself beside her tried to divert to the general revenue fund.

The responsibility for this loss to the schools rests on the state officials, particularly on the state auditor. A year ago he had an opinion from the office of the attorney general that repeated sessions of the General Assembly had continued to misuse language for which it was responsible. It must Any General Assembly could have "S'h!" said Miss Ordway; "not so consutution fixed the minimum for the 25 per cent 'of the state revenue, exclusive of the interest and sinking Assembly met after Mr. Gordon had not called to the question of interpretation, so that the appropriation might

It was in May, after the general Assembly adjourned, that the school fund the expense of the common schools. interpretation. The test suit was a second thought. It was not till the end of the month that the fact of the May conference became public. Meanwhile there had been much dodgevasions. Then came the compro-And also he was beginning to com- mise offer, agreeing with the decision of the Supreme Court. The schools are to be congratulated on losing only \$180,313 91 through the activity of 503 22. Globe Democrat.

> Comparing the weather predictions sent us from Washington and the actual weather we have had recently, our that may properly come before the m idea is that what the country needs is
>
> M.B. SLUSHER, Secretary.
>
> First publication Dec. 28, 1915. 21

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NOTICE OF STOCKHOLDER'S MEETING

plished sooner.

The purpose for which this meeting is called is to elect? directors for the said bank, to serve during the ensuing year, and for the transaction of any other business that may properly come before the meeting.

J. H. PARRISH.

Attest: Presider S. W. BOSWELL, Secretary. First publication Dec. 23, 1915. 21 6

NOTICE OF STOCKHOLDERS'
MEETING
Notice is hereby given that the annual stockholders' meeting of the Bank of Bradleyville will be held at 11% benking house in Bradleyville, Missourt, on the 10th day of January, 1918. Said meeting will be convened at 9 o'clock a.m. and continue during at least three hours, unless the object for which such meeting is called be accomplished sooner.
The purpose for which this meeting is called sto elect 5 directors for the said bank, to serve during the ensuing year, and for the transaction of any other business that may properly come before the meeting.

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